THE

Unfortunate Marriage;

OR,

Bigotry Triumphant.

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OR,

The Bigotry Triumphant.

11630. b. 7
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THE

Unfortunate Marriage;

OR,

BIGOTRY TRIUMPHANT.

A

POEM.

HUMBLY DEDICATED

To the QUEEN's moſt Excellent Majeſty.

Quanquam animum meminiſſe horret, luctuq; refugit
Incipiam ----------

VIRGIL.

BIRMINGHAM:

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MDCCLXXVI.

(Price One Shilling.)

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

QUEEN's

MOST EXCELLENT

MAJESTY.

MADAM,

ROYAL Sufferings claim a royal Tear; but dares the Poet call the chryſtal Drop into the Eye of Majeſty?---He dares; becauſe ſincerely to ſympathize with undeſerved Woe, is characteriſtic of a great and benevolent Mind. 'Tis true ſhe is his Sovereign; which ſhould deter him; but it is equally true, that ſhe is good, that ſhe is eminently compaſſionate; that ſhe is the amiable Queen, and tender Mother of her People, in whoſe hearts her bleſt Idea ever lives: This gives him Courage moſt humbly to lay the following Poem at her ſacred Feet.

DEDICATION.

This little Performance is founded in Facts, which happened about the middle of the tenth Century; when Raven-Superſtition hovered, like a dreadful Cloud, over the Land, and hid from it the glorious Sun of Reaſon!---

"*Edwy*, (ſays the Hiſtorian) who aſcended the Throne on the Death of his Brother *Edred*, was not above ſeventeen Years of Age when he was placed in the Seat of Power, by the unanimous Suffrages of the People. His Soul was very ſuſceptible of the tender Paſſions; and the Charms of *Ethelgiva*, a beautiful Princeſs of the royal Blood, had made a ſtrong Impreſſion on his Heart. She was related to him in the third or fourth Degree; but his Paſſion was too ſtrong to ſubmit to the eccleſiaſtical Rules of Conſanguinity; he married the Princeſs, without publiſhing his Nuptials."---Hence originated the Misfortunes of the royal Lovers; who, if Virtue, Truth, and Beauty, merit any Thing, deſerv'd a much better Fate!---

When our beſt of Kings claſped your Majeſty to his royal Boſom, and *Hymen* made you his, made you ours; the Nation with one Voice gave a Shout of Joy, and the Choir of Heaven rang with Hallelujahs!--- Love clapp'd his Wings, and *Hymen* cry'd, "Bleſt be this

this Union. From it a Race of Kings ſhall come to crown the Nation, to the lateſt Poſterity, with real Dignity and permanent Happineſs."---Alas! how different the Lot of the youthful, the virtuous *Edwy*, and his charming *Ethelgiva*!---Torn from his fond Embrace, her lovely Face branded with a red-hot Iron, ſhe was dragged into *Ireland*; while an unnatural Rebellion wreſted from the unfortunate *Edwy* his Crown and Kingdom, and gave them to his Brother!---But Thanks to gracious Heaven, your Majeſty, and our amiable King, were given us in happier Times! when no inhuman *Odo* fills the archiepiſcopal Chair; when blind Bigotry is baniſhed from the Realm; when cloudleſs Reaſon ſits on her meridian throne; when Religion no longer wears the Maſk of Hypocriſy; and when our firm Attachment to, and dutiful Affection for his Majeſty, are daily excited by his paternal Goodneſs, and illuſtrious Virtues.

The Hiſtorian further tells us, that "the lovely *Ethelgiva*, having been cured of her Wounds, was returning from *Ireland*, to enjoy once more the Happineſs of her Huſband's company. But the Heart of *Odo* (then Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, and the Cauſe of all her Misfortunes) was ſteeled againſt the ſoft Pleadings of Compaſſion; his Emiſſaries intercepted her in her

her Journey, and *Ethelgiva* fell a Victim to the Fury of unrelenting Bigotry:--And that robbed of his amiable *Ethelgiva*, ſtripped of his Kingdom by an unnatural Uſurpation, and conſidered by his Subjects as a Monſter of Impiety, *Edwy* became a Prey to Melancholy. He had loſt every Thing that was dear to him, and Life itſelf became a Burden. He pined in ſecret, and at laſt paid the Debt of Nature."---Who could bear up againſt ſuch complicated Woes?---But I grow prolix. ---That Heaven may have your Majeſty, and your Royal Conſort and Family, in its holy Protection, and bleſs you with continual Health and Felicity, is the fervent and conſtant Prayer, of,

11 7 49

MADAM,

Your MAJESTY's moſt humble,

moſt devoted, and moſt dutiful Servant,

The AUTHOR.

THE

Unfortunate Marriage, &c.

THOU bright intendant of the epic ſcene!
O leave a while thy much-lov'd *Hippocrene*;
For *Britain*'s iſle, the hills of *Greece* forego,
Strike the loud lyre, or tune the lute to woe;
While noble *Edwy*, *England*'s early king,
And his fair conſort, hapleſs pair! I ſing.

His gentle mind to gentler paſſions prone,
His pow'r their guardian, and his heart their throne,
Gay bloom'd the prince, e'en in the morn of youth;
Fame told his genius, courage, faith, and truth!
Fair *Ethelgiva*, deck'd in ev'ry charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm,
To her lov'd *Edwy* near related ſtood,
In the collateral degrees of blood.
Hence rigid prieſts refus'd the nuptial rite,
Forbid their hands with their fond hearts unite:
With gelid blaſts they nature would controul,
And bind in chains of ice her plaſtic ſoul!

But as the riv'let, ſwell'd with ſudden rains,
Scorns its ſtrait banks, and ſweeps along the plains;
So love's ſoft ſtreams reſtrain'd, indignant riſe,
And burſt thoſe mounds which ſenſeleſs monks deviſe:
For ſpite of *Dunſtan*'s, and of *Odo*'s ſway,
What fryar's black, or envious nuns could ſay;
Of *Rome* tremendous, who had power to ſhake
The firmeſt throne, and kings at will unmake;
Th' impatient prince, the yielding virgin led,
The deſtin'd partner of his faithful bed!---
O bliſsful ſcene!---Curſt Superſtition, why,
Portentous, didſt thou hang with black the ſky?
On that bleſt day ſo inauſpicious prove
To plighted truth, and chaſte connubial love?---
Thou baneful daughter of the *Stygian* flood!
Thou fiend abhorr'd, deteſted foe to good!
Triumphantly, in adamantine chains,
Now Reaſon drags thee from our happy plains!---
Hail God-like Reaſon, effluence of the ſky!
Celeſtial ſource of ev'ry earthly joy!
Behold how fair thy daughter Science grows!
From her bright eye what light diffuſive flows!
By whoſe pure beam we trace life's wondrous maze,
And nature view through all her myſtic ways!---
Faſt by her ſee her blooming ſiſter, Art!
What uſeful bleſſings do her ſmiles impart!

To her, proud beauties all their conqueſts owe!
Gay *Flora*'s charms, by her ſtill gayer glow!
At her command thy ſtores, O *Ceres*, ſpring!
Soul-ſtealing muſic wakes the tender ſtring!---
Hail charming twins! from you *Britannia* draws
Her worlds of wealth, her beſt of human laws;
By you, 'tis her's the globe's vaſt main to ride,
Unrivall'd ſway its univerſal tide!---
But chief with thee, O Science, let me rove,
In contemplation's thought-inſpiring grove,
Where dwell the Muſes; where thy mother ſtrays,
Involv'd in wiſdom's circumambient blaze!
'Tis thine the mental di'mond to refine,
Purge off its ruſt, and give it light divine!
To bid the ſtream of pleaſure gently roll,
From Love's pure fount, abſterſive on the ſoul;
Whence care corroſive, perturbations fly,
And all the man relaxes into joy!
Joy, pure as that which our firſt-parents ſhar'd,
Ere the arch-fiend their ſpotleſs ſouls enſnar'd!

As fade the laſt faint glories of the light,
Loſt in the ſhadowy veſt of ſtealing night;
Thus frail, thus fleeting, human bleſſings prove,
Thus evaneſcent mock the tears of love!---

While

While joys ineffable thy ſenſes lave,
Borne on the current of love's dimply wave,
Black treaſon, *Edwy*, near thy couch doth tread,
And ſhakes his ſword o'er thy devoted head!

Odo, who fill'd the metropolic chair,
Beheld, enrag'd, unite the royal pair;
Swore ſoon he'd rend the vile inceſtuous tie,
And wrap in night their riſing ſun of joy!
Curſt prelate, whom humanity diſclaim'd,
Whom dire revenge and bigotry inflam'd;
Too ſoon the gay, the lovely, and the good,
Satiate thy rage, thy bigot-thirſt of blood!---
As oft a moſſy bank, with flow'rs inlaid,
Conceals a deadly adder in its ſhade;
So does the ephod's emblematic white
Oft hide an ebon, cruel hypocrite!
For ſuch is guilt, tho' black as devils are,
It would the ſnowy robes of virtue wear;
Aſſume religion's veſtments, and be thought
With all her meek benevolency fraught!---

'Twas at that hour, when bright *Hyperion* hies
To fringe with gold the occidental ſkies,
The king did from the cares of ſtate remove,
To ſweet retirement, and ſtill ſweeter love.

The

The primate ſaw, and with malicious ſpeed
Haſted to perpetrate the horrid deed;
A deed at which the ſavage wild would ſtart,
For weeping beauty liquifies his heart!---
An armed band, whom gold accurſt inſpir'd,
And the arch-dæmon's premonition fir'd,
Whom treaſon urg'd, and bigotry's dire gloom,
With brutal fury forc'd the ſacred room;
Thence rudely dragg'd her from his cloſe embrace,
And a red bar drove in her faultleſs face!---
Oh ſpare the queen, my *Ethelgiva* ſpare!
The king exclaiming, laid his boſom bare!
Here ſtrike, and let your ſov'reign's blood ſuffice!
While tears of anguiſh trembled in his eyes!
Thus on my knees, your pity let me move!
Pierce this fond heart; but ſpare, O ſpare my love!
Let her but live, I'll bleſs you e'en in death,
And ſeal your pardon with my lateſt breath!---
In *Jewry* erſt, when *Herod*'s impious rage
Nought but the blood of ſucklings could aſſwage,
So the fond mother, with diſtracted cry,
Begg'd for her darling ſon, in vain, to die;
Snatch'd from her boſom, where ſupine he lay,
His little fingers with the teat at play,
High on the murd'rers ſwords ſhe ſees him borne,
His cries their paſtime, and her pangs their ſcorn!---

Did human tears e'er iron decompoſe,
Or marble ſoften at a monarch's woes?
When o'er the ſea the howling tempeſt flies,
And furious rolls its billows to the ſkies,
Does it, in pity to the ſailor's pray'r,
To breezes melt, and ſigh in gentle air?
As theſe unmov'd, they mock their king's diſtreſs!
Nor does the branded queen's divert them leſs!
Whom now they hurry to *Hibernia*'s ſhore,
Ne'er to return, nor ſee her *Edwy* more!---
Diſtracting thought! aſunder thus to part
This beauteous compound, love-cemented heart;
Where all the tender paſſions mingling lay,
To fill the night with bliſs, with joy the day!
From ſweet enjoyment, where enjoyment grew,
Glow'd into tranſport, each new moment new!---
Abſorb'd in grief, ſhe but complain'd in ſighs,
And pour'd her ſorrows forth her ſtreaming eyes!---
But ſoon as on the dreary coaſt they left
Their wretched charge, of ev'ry aid bereft,
Thus breath'd her fainting ſoul its pious pray'r;
Take; take, O God, my *Edwy* to thy care;
On his rack'd mind thy healing balm diſtil,
Submiſſive bend him to thy righteous will;
Bid him forget his *Ethelgiva*'s woes;
Protect his people, and forgive my foes!---

---And

---And thou, my country---Oh! my tortur'd breaſt!---
Death kindly comes, to---give my ſorrows reſt!---
She could no more; but in a ſwoon profound,
By all forſaken, lifeleſs preſt the ground!

Soft Pity, daughter of eternal *Jove*,
And prime of ſiſters to ſeraphic love,
From *Britain*'s iſle, by barb'rous prieſts expell'd,
Her ſolemn flight, in ſearch of comfort, held.
Wide on the air, her ſnowy wings unfold,
Reflective gleaming with pellucid gold;
The winds and ſeas, enchanted, ſink to reſt!
Mollific zephyrs prop her gliding breaſt!
A thouſand winged ſighs breathe in her hair!
A thouſand more her wavy-train up bear!
When theſe grow weary, thoſe their place ſupply,
Alternate in her ſilken treſſes lie!---
No ſooner did the wand'rer gain the ſhore,
The woods, the hills, the bending plain explore,
Than, ſtretch'd on earth, ſhe ſaw the princeſs lie,
Pale, wounded, breathleſs; on her half-clos'd eye
The leaden hand of death apparent lay,
Intent to ſhut it from the beam of day!---
Celeſtial offspring! who hath ever known
Thee paſs diſtreſs, not o'er affliction moan?

Solace

Solace divine! whoſe looks our boſoms chear,
Thy voice is comfort, life thy dropping tear!
Erſt, touch'd by thy all-humanizing ray,
Samaria's ſon ſpontaneous left his way,
Delay'd his journey, mis'ry to deplore,
Heal bleeding wounds, and waining life reſtore.---
Amidſt thoſe hills which northward *Ardmore* views,
(Imbibing verdure from Atlantic dews;
Where then fierce *Boro* held the regal ſway;
Where oft the *Brehons*, in the eye of day,
Conferring ſat; perchance to regulate,
Or more corrode, the ruſty hinge of ſtate;
A price to ſet on murder, or on rape,
Or grant each public thief means of eſcape;)
Within the covert of a hanging wood,
The moſſy cell of an old hermit ſtood;
Whoſe hoary owner, loſt to man's dark ways,
" There ſpent the quiet ev'ning of his days."
The virgin thither ſped her airy flight,
Stoop'd at his cell, involv'd in radiant light;
Haſte, holy hermit, to yon verdant plain,
Whoſe ſhelving borders ſkirt the foaming main;
Haſte, haſte, and life-redeeming cordials bear,
Expiring beauty needs thy ſpeedy care.---
So Pity;---he the heav'nly viſion knew,
As all reveal'd ſhe brighten'd on his view!---

Long

Long bent by ills, his ſole remaining joy
Was ev'ry moment careful to employ
In acts of goodneſs; gladly he obey'd,
And haſten'd to the royal ſuff'rer's aid.
As when a cloud, replete with gentle rains,
Conſigns its treaſures to the thirſty plains;
The glebe reviving verdant charms the eye,
And ſickly nature medicates to joy:
So doth the gen'rous man his bounties ſhow'r;
Affliction feels his animating pow'r;
A ſmile he drops on ev'ry drooping face;
And lives a God, to bleſs the human race!---
Soon as the ſeer, extended on the ground,
The exil'd princeſs, cold and breathleſs, found,
A ſurge of grief broke o'er his aged breaſt;
Known but to thoſe with noble feelings bleſt!
Careful the juice medicinal he plies,
Which to life's laſt receſſes potent flies;
Whoſe dying embers now re-kindling glow,
And warm the pallid cheek, and breaſt of ſnow.---
E'er yet its wonted view her ſoul regain'd,
The waking *Ethelgiva* thus complain'd:
Where is my love, my deareſt *Edwy*, gone?
Why, thus forſaken, am I left alone?
Ha! bloody *Odo*! then, alas! 'tis o'er!
I ſee thy hands are ſtained with his gore!

Inhuman wretch!---Oh! he was pure of thought,
With all the noble, ſofter graces ſraught;
Was all could charm the eye, the ſoul inſpire
With fixt eſteem, and elegant deſire.
But he's no more!---returning reaſon here
Combin'd her aid, with the aſſiſtant tear;
The virtuous ſage, compaſſionately kind,
Pour'd forth ſoft comfort on her wounded mind;
With ſoothing eloquence allay'd her woe,
And taught her breaſt the glance of peace to know!---
As doth ſweet murmur from the bubbling ſtreams,
Infus'd with poppies, plum'd with tender dreams,
Steal on the ear, o'er all the ſenſes creep,
And gently lull the liſt'ning ſoul to ſleep:
So do thy gales, ſoft Elocution, flow,
Melt through the ice, abſorb the mental ſnow,
Throw animation from their tepid wing,
And winter's art'ries fill with genial ſpring!---

Diſfigur'd beauty languiſhes no more;
With balſams cull'd from fam'd *Hygeia*'s ſtore,
The wound he healed; not a ſcar remain'd
On that fair face, where all the Graces reign'd!---
Her only wiſh, reſtor'd in genuine charms,
Was now again to meet her *Edwy*'s arms;

On

On *Glo'ſter*'s plains the royal lover lay,
Beſet with treaſon, and to grief a prey.

Up from her native hell, Rebellion ſprung,
On either wing War's blackeſt horrors hung!
An helm of ſerpents round her temples grew!
Whoſe thouſand hiſſing heads inceſſant blew
Venefic ſteams into the ſick'ning air,
Ingend'ring madneſs, murder, and deſpair!
Her eyes flaſh'd death! from each vaſt noſtril came
A ſpouting cataract of blaſting flame!---
Her Gorgon-face all things of goodneſs fly;
No grimmer monſter breathes beneath the ſky!---
Of Faction ſprung, at all reſtraint ſhe ſpurns,
Drinks ſtreams of blood, yet ſtill unquenched burns;
Still wide her parched jaws extending roar,
At once to gulp a ſea of human gore!
In vain Obedience doth her way oppoſe;
In vain doth Pity tell her bleeding woes;
In vain do Juſtice, Law, and Reaſon, call;
Deaf as the winds and waves, ſhe laughs at all;
Aims but deſtruction at the helm of ſtate,
And ſinking, triumphs o'er its hapleſs fate!---
To *Odo* thus, her fav'rite ſon, ſhe ſaid,
The church's thunder hurl at *Edwy*'s head!

Call

Call forth *Bellona*, civil diſcord raiſe,
And wrap the nation in one mighty blaze!
And lo, where *Edgar* brandiſheth his ſword!
Impatient waiting but thy ſacred word,
With that dread arm to ſtrike the tyrant down
Dead to the earth, and ſeize himſelf the crown!---
Then on the wing, ſince heav'n and hell combine
To glut revenge, and make the glory thine!---
The primate heard; the croſs erecting high!
To arms, he cry'd, to arms ye warriors fly!
For God we fight!---no more ſhall inceſt reign,
Nor *Hymen*'s hated rites our prieſts prophane!
Then headlong on the foe ſwift torrents urge
Of blood and fire, the guilty ſtate to purge!---
And thou, brave *Edgar*, *England*'s wiſh'd-for king,
On vaſt Ambition's eagle-mounting wing,
Soar to the dazzling ſummit of renown,
There perch; and wreathe thy temples with a crown!
Hence *Cæſar* roſe; hence *Alexander* flew
Dominion's univerſal ſun to view!
He ſaw, and ſeiz'd it; then his mighty ſoul
Shed tears, becauſe too little was the whole!
As when a fire, within the dome long pent,
With burſting fury rends a yawning vent,
Its crackling flames the ſtately roofs invade,
And all in one ſad ſmoaky ruin's laid;

So

So ruſh'd the traitors on their deſtin'd prey;
And death, horrific mark'd the fatal way!
Fierce *Edgar* aim'd, O dire unnat'ral ſtriſe,
To ſeize the crown; not leſs his brother's life!
Laſh'd by Ambition, Superſtition ſpurr'd,
No longer Nature now, or Reaſon's heard!
In vain would Mercy win her melting way
Through his clos'd ear; or dying groans eſſay
To touch his heart; ſhut up in triple ſteel,
For human woes it ceaſes more to feel!---
Lo, wing'd with death, behold that whizzing dart
Lanc'd by the ſon, transfix his father's heart!
And ſee that brother, his dear brother kill!
That father, his lov'd offspring's life-blood ſpill!---
Alas! when thus did wolf with wolf engage;
Fierce tigers bloody wars with tigers wage;
Or ſharks, for modes of worſhip ſharks deſy,
With their own blood the groaning ocean dye?---
Alas! ſuch weakneſs in our nature grows,
Beſides the tares which education ſows;
The torrid fever from example caught;
From beauty's eye, the bacchanalian draught;
No wonder one on plum'd Ambition rides,
Another down the ſenſual Current glides;
In Bigotry's felt-dark this gropes his way;
And ſordid Av'rice hurries that aſtray

To ſwiſt deſtruction!---Pity hence may ſigh,
Frailty's the daughter of humanity!

The queen's fond lines, bright ſemblance of her mind,
Where love and truth their richeſt ſhades combin'd;
Where drooping abſence dropp'd the pearly tear,
And eager hope ſtood half ſubdu'd by fear,
By the good hermit's moſt unwilling aid
To *Britain*'s ſhore were ſpeedily convey'd;
Which to her *Edwy* told the bleſt event,
A martial fleet imploring to be ſent
To waft her ſafely o'er the briny main,
And give her to his claſping arms again,---
Ah! veering Fate, enthron'd in middle ſkies,
With watchful omnipreſence in thy eyes;
Whom of the human race didſt thou e'er ſpare?
What dulcet cup forget to daſh with care?
Muſt man be always ſubject to thy wiles,
And hold his being of thy changeful ſmiles?
To *Odo*'s hand, that cruel dog of hell,
Through thy capricious will the letter fell!
Death ſaw thy leer, when the arch-traitor vow'd
Thoſe lines of love ſhould weave her wat'ry ſhroud!---
Poor *Ethelgiva*, beauty's faireſt flow'r,
With haſty paces then approach'd the hour,

Which,

Which, thief-like, raviſh'd thy ambroſial breath,
And gave thee to the hungry jaws of death!---
Why, meek-ey'd Pity, didſt thou then neglect,
Forget thy late-lov'd princeſs to protect?
Alas! an exile on ſome Pagan ſhore,
Religion's vot'ries thine were now no more;
Barbarian's all!---The man unknown to thee,
Of human kind ſhould ceaſe to number'd be.---

A ſtately ſhip (what will not gold obtain,
That ſoul of pleaſure, pleaſure's greateſt bane?)
With haſte was fitted for *Hibernia*'s ſtrand,
Whereof *Cadwallon* had the ſole command;
A wretch in whom remain'd no trace of good,
His eye look'd murder, and his thoughts drank blood!---
To whom the prieſt:---Brave chief, my gold be thine,
And vengeance on th' inceſtuous lovers mine;
This written mandate when thou ſhalt obey,
My wealth, my pow'r, my ſacerdotal ſway,
For thee exerted, ſhall for ev'ry crime
Thy hand can act, or laviſh thought deſign,
Seal a full pardon; by the croſs I ſwear;
Then ſcatter to the winds each idle fear!
He ſwore aſſent; exulting then withdrew,
For the damn'd purpoſe, to his murd'rous crew,

Who

Who long, like him, the path of ſin had trod;
To man a terror, and abhorr'd of God!---
So when a bravo of *Italia* ſees
Within his gripe the bloody golden fees,
Which Jealouſy, that curſe of mortal joy,
Has paid, an hated rival to deſtroy,
His ſoul he pledges, e'er with feſtive ſpeed
He flies to perpetrate the monſtrous deed! ---
Thus Gold, which in the hand of goodneſs
Buys the pureſt mortal, and immortal joys;
In that of vice, impatient of controul,
The body vitiates, and damns the ſoul!

While with the ſage the baniſh'd queen ſojourn'd,
Her native land, her dearer *Edwy*, mourn'd:
Oft would his words mellifluent appeaſe,
Repel her grief, and give her ſorrows eaſe;
So, the rough lake, when bluſt'ring *Eurus* roars,
Daſhing its foaming waves againſt the ſhores,
If oil aſperſive meet its mad'ning breaſt,
Grows gently calm, and murmurs into reſt.

As *Phœbus* from his throne of noon declin'd,
When dove-like comfort neſtled on her mind,
She pray'd the hermit, faithful to relate
What fix'd him in that ſolitary ſtate.

To whom the ſeer:---My woful tale is ſhort,
Yet ſhews how much of fate we are the ſport;
How little permanence our joys pretend,
Which e'er begun are fleeting to an end!-----
Long e'er old *Troy* beheld the *Grecian* hoſt
In glitt'ring arms pour on *Scamander*'s coaſt,
High ſtood *Dunmonium* in the liſt of fame;
To fetch her Tin a thouſand nations came!---
Her ſons were honeſt, hoſpitable, plain;
On their fair commerce ſat no fraudful ſtain;
From age to age, they freedom, wealth acquire;
And each brave ſon ſtill emulates his ſire!---
On *Tamar*'s banks, whoſe ſweet meand'ring ſtream
Oft reminiſcent fills my plaintive theme,
I firſt ſaw day; there ſpent the ſpring of youth;
By kindeſt parents taught the way of truth;
Taught what is virtue, philoſophic lore,
And each bright gem that gilds the mental ſtore!---
O Education! from thy lovely breaſt
The ſoul's ſweet milky nurture is expreſt;
Hence cheriſh'd ſhe as doth the infant grow,
Expand to thought, and with reflection glow!---
Virtue's bright portrait, by thy hand deſign'd,
With living light glows on the youthful mind;
By time improv'd, the ſpunge of vice in vain,
With daub invidious, would its luſtre ſtain;

Oft, tho' obſcur'd, emerging ſtill its blaze
Abſterſive ſhines with more reſplendent rays:
So doth the ſun, when clouds umbrageous fly,
Which late his glory curtain'd from the eye,
The liquid air in greater ſplendor ride,
Sweep o'er the land, and ſail the ſilver tide.---
Thrice happy *Cornwall!* on thy hills dwells health!
Whoſe womb metallic teems with boundleſs wealth!
'Midſt thy rich vales *Pan* feeds his num'rous flocks;
And Honour's throne is on thy logan rocks!---
Erſt, driven from the reſt of human kind,
Juſtice and Honeſty their ſorrows join'd;
By land, by ſea, from realm to realm they ſtray,
Of moſt inſulted, none permitted ſtay;
'Till on thy kind, thy hoſpitable ſhore,
They're naked thrown, and bounteous aid implore;
There found the hapleſs pair a calm receſs
From all their wrongs, their ſuff'rings, and diſtreſs;
Where to their chaſte embraces ſoon was giv'n,
Their firſt-born, Honour; matchleſs gift of heav'n!
Man's richeſt jewel----but, alas! I run
Wide of my ſtory, e'er 'tis well begun!----
Oft, as *Aurora* hath her curtains drawn,
Forth of her caſement peep'd athwart the lawn,
To rouze the chaſe, have I awoke my ſire,
And fervent vaulted on my ſteed of fire!---

But

But Gods! when the fierce wolf, with flaming eyes,
Aſtounding echo with his hideous cries,
While diſtant all ſtood motionleſs with fear,
Hath, agonizing, bit my death-wing'd ſpear;
What ſhouts reſounded! how was I careſt!
With what fond praiſe lock'd to my father's breaſt!---
Yet why do I thus narrative recal
Thoſe happy days, the prelude to my fall?

Near good *Belinus*' ample manſion ſtood,
Whoſe noble veins were warm with *Britiſh* blood;
From whoſe ſole daughter, *Emma*, peerleſs dame,
My pureſt joys, my laſting ſorrows came.---
Oh! ſhe was gentle, mild as *Zephyr*'s gale;
Gay as the laughing flo'rets of the vale;
Straight as the cedar, fragrant as the roſe,
When pearl'd with dew its bluſhing tints diſcloſe;
Muſic her voice, her eyes celeſtial fire,
Which beam'd with love, and ſwam in ſoft deſire!---
My heart ſhe ſtole! and e'er it well was known,
Dear precious gift! ſhe gave me all her own!---
Then free as air we prattled through the grove,
By murm'ring ſtreams told o'er our wealth of love;
Exempt from guile, ſweet interchange of bliſs!
Like turtle-doves, each gave and took the kiſs!

On flow'ry banks oft, clinging breaſt to breaſt,
Careleſs as lambs, we ſunk to balmy reſt;
Again aroſe, the melting kiſs exchange;
Where innocence and fancy led to range!---
Thus did our hours on love's light pinions fly,
Crown'd with freſh garlands from the hand of joy!---
O Innocence! bleſt purity of heart!
What bliſs remorſeleſs do thy ſmiles impart
With love combin'd!---without thee love is luſt,
The ſpurious iſſue of degen'rate duſt;
Whoſe ſcorpion-tail, though with the ſyren's breath
She ſings of pleaſure, bears the ſting of death.---

And now the day our fires indulgent name
For *Hymen's* ſanction to our holy flame;
But Death invidious made this ſtern decree,
" That day, *Elginus*, ne'er ſhall come to thee!"
Then like the judge whom mercy never knew,
To th' execution of his ſentence flew!
Transfix'd my *Emma!*---Oh! inſatiate dart!
I ſaw it drink the life-blood of her heart!---
Two days and nights good *Belinus* and I
Watch'd by her bed, exchanging ſigh for ſigh!
But on the third, as *Phœbus* from the deep
Stood clad in glory on the mountain's ſteep,

What

What tongue can tell, what pen our pangs expreſs,
When, dying, thus ſhe breath'd her laſt addreſs!---
Thou beſt of fathers!--now the conflict's o'er,
In a few moments I ſhall be no more!---
One laſt embrace!--my dear *Elginus* there?--
In death, O let me kiſs away that tear!--
For thee I'd live---My lips ſhe eager preſt!--
Sunk down and ſigh'd her ſoul to endleſs reſt!------
So when an early iris doth unfold
Its beauteous bloſſom, ſuperlaid with gold,
Smit by his envious ſcythe, it falling fades,
And yields to death its late ſo lovely ſhades!---
Lo, where ſhe lies!--how cold this lily hand!--
Whoſe wond'rous touch could from the lute command
Strains ſo melodious, that, e'en at mid-day,
Their dens forſook the ſavage beaſts of prey,
Mixt with her lambs, would gather in amaze
Around her bow, applauſive of her lays!---
---How pale that cheek!--thoſe lips, whoſe ſingle kiſs
Would waft me inſtant to immortal bliſs!---
---Clos'd?--ſunk her eyes?--Oh! they had power to move
The fierceſt wolf, look tigers into love!---
To melt the iron from the tyrant's breaſt!
Diſperſe the clouds, and charm the winds to reſt!---
Come lovely *Emma!*---Oh! ſhe's cold! ſhe's dead!---
Ha! ſorrow weeping ſits beſide her bed!---

Hark! how ſhe groans!---Then roll, ye thunders roll!
Shake heaven down, to ſplinters craſh the pole
Of trembling earth; whole ſeas of fire deſcend,
Burn up the world, and ſhrieking nature end!---
Here let me kneel; and e'er they bear away,
Lay in the grave thy cold, thy ſenſeleſs clay,
Thus let me kiſs thee!---Pardon, queen, my woe,
Which time, in vain, would have oblivious grow;
But which remembrance oft recals, again
To rack my ſoul, and mad my injur'd brain!----
Torpid with grief, ſome hours her father lay,
Nor comfort heard, nor ſaw the chearful day;
Then deareſt child!---my *Emma*!---twice he cry'd;
Kiſs'd her cold lips, and on her boſom dy'd!---
Diſtracting ſcene!---On death I call in vain,
To raze thy vivid image from my brain;
With horrid grin he puts my ſorrows by,
Nor kills my pain who kill'd my whole of joy!---
So tyrants all; in vain we ſeek redreſs
Of wrongs; to taſte the cup of happineſs;
Deaf to our pray'rs, *Aſtrea* they deſpiſe,
Find mirth in tears, and paſtime in our ſighs!---
Within one grave I ſaw them gently laid,
The laſt ſad obſequies their aſhes paid;
Then from my country, friends, mankind, I fled,
My only wiſh to number with the dead.------

Soft

Soft ſympathy! of pleaſure, pain, combin'd,
Reſpondent echo of a feeling mind,
Thrill'd thro' the tender *Ethelgiva*'s ſoul,
And taught her tears in mutual ſtreams to roll.

The murd'rous ſhip, now ſwelling on the eye!
With flutt'ring canvas hails *Hibernia*'s ſky!
Pregnant with death, behold, ſhe makes the land!
Her ſpawn infernal pours upon the ſtrand!
Thus from the *Grecian* horſe deſtruction came,
And wrapp'd all *Troy* in death, in ſmoke, and flame!---
Why ſlept the winds? not like *Typhœus* riſe,
And heave the ocean foaming to the ſkies?
The ſhip engulph beneath collapſing waves,
And plunge to loweſt hell the damned ſlaves?
Chain'd was thy giant-ſtrength!---To Fate all yield;
Her eye as lightning darts through nature's field!
In vain or man or Gods reſiſtance try!
She rules the earth, ſhe rules the ample ſky!
When e'er ſhe ſpeaks, her voice is heard as far
As ſhines a ſun, or hangs a twinkling ſtar!
All things obey it, or to live or die,
From *Sol*'s vaſt orb to the minuteſt fly!----
The ſail no ſooner caught the princeſs' eyes,
Than, mad with joy, a ſhip! a ſhip! ſhe cries!---

Unheard

Unheard *Elginus* cautious would reſtrain
Her eager haſte; ſhe bounds along the plain;
Fleet as the roe; and thoughtleſs as the hare,
Too late ſhe feels the poachers fatal ſnare,
Who, deaf as adders to her bitter cries,
Exulting drag on board their captive prize.----
Hence let us learn in Caution's ſcale to weigh
The conſequence of all we act or ſay
To either previous; this, if we practiſe
Will make us happy, as 'twill make us wiſe.----
See, on land's utmoſt verge *Elginus* ſtands!
Out-ſtretches o'er the ſurge his wither'd hands!
Imploring mercy for the captive queen,
Long as the ſhip, long as her ſails are ſeen!
But when were wolves e'er known the lambs to ſpare,
To ſoften at the bleating mother's pray'r?
Or who e'er ſaw the tiger looſe his prize,
Diſſolv'd to pity by the victim's cries?

The wretched queen, of even hope forſook,
This way and that now turns her ardent look!
Sees vaniſh earth, affrighted *Phœbus* glide,
Down drag the day beneath the daſhing tide!
While diſtant ſtars through broken clouds appear
Doleſcent drop the ſympathetic tear!---

Approach

Approach my muſe!---Lo, where on deck ſhe ſtands!
Her eyes in tears, to heav'n are rais'd her hands!
How do thoſe blood-hounds on her beauties gaze!
Improv'd by ſorrow, and the torch's blaze!
See through that ſev'ring cloud pale *Dian* peep!
Again retiring, doth or ſeems to weep!
Creep o'er the ſlack'ning waves an horrent gloom!
'Tis nature's mourning hung around her tomb!---
But ſoſt, ſhe ſpeaks!---What have I done, that you
On land, by ſea my guiltleſs life purſue?---
Whom have I wrong'd? when did I fail to hear
The plaints of woe? To wipe the trickling tear
From ſorrow's eye? Have you then hearts to kill
Your queen, your friend, that very blood to ſpill
Which only flows my people all to bleſs,
Redreſs their wrongs, and give them happineſs?
Did the fierce hawk e'er ſtrike that parent dead
Whoſe ſoſt'ring beak procur'd his daily bread;
Who nurs'd him with a fond maternal care,
And gave him fearleſs to the boundleſs air?
Oh! ſurely no; a crime of ſuch a dye
E'en brutes moſt cruel would with horror fly!---
Than brutes is man to mercy leſs inclin'd?
More obdurate, more barbarous of mind?
And ſhall the ſoldier's ſword, for glory fram'd,
With a poor helpleſs woman's blood be ſtain'd?

Forbid it heaven!--On the ample plain
Of honour, he ſhould honour's chaplet gain.---
Is gold your motive? Oh! then ſafely bring
Me to my *Edwy*, moſt unhappy king;
The gen'rous deed, a juſt reward, ſhall prove
His golden bounty, and his future love.---
It may be ſo; but on the croſs I ſwore
Never to ſee again the *Britiſh* ſhore,
'Till I had ſhed thy curſt inceſtuous blood,
And purg'd the nation of thy turpitude.
Nor will I lay ſoul perj'ry to my ſoul;
For now thou art at life's extremeſt goal;
Thence will I puſh thee to oblivious night,
No more to view the ſun's diurnal light!---
So damn'd *Cadwallon*-----Oh! for pity ſpare,
Reſtore me to the good old hermit's care;
Thence never more will I attempt to move,
Forget my home, ſtrive to forget my love!---
And as like blaſted leaves I quickly fade,
Weep in my cave, or ſigh along the glade,
Still in my pray'rs ſhalt thou remember'd be,
'Till death's kind hand from ſorrow ſets me free.
To take my life though thou didſt raſhly ſwear,
Is it the greater crime to kill or ſpare?
To ſhed the blood of innocence, or both
To break, deſpiſe an inconſiderate oath?---

Oh!

Oh! ſtand no longer dubious, but reſtore
Me to *Elginus*, the *Hibernian* ſhore;
Then guiltleſs of my blood ſhalt thou be bleſt,
While ſhortly there I meet eternal reſt;
For e'er yon moon, which now is in the wane,
Of light can ſhine with plenitude again,
Down to the grave with grief ſhall I deſcend,
Where human joys and woes alike have end.---
But wouldſt thou reach the glorious crown of fame,
Seize the bright gem, immortalize thy name,
Oh let me now thy kind protection prove;
Back bring me ſafe to *Edwy* and to love;
And all thou canſt deſire or wiſh be thine,
E'en to his throne, ſo he again be mine!-----
I take thee at thy word, the wretch replies,
Now in my cabin yield me all thoſe joys
Which peerleſs beauty, and which laviſh love
E'er gave to man, or taſted were by *Jove*;
And, by the God's, I will aſſur'dly bring,
Return thee charming, to thy am'rous king!
But if thou do'ſt my proferr'd love deny,
By force I will thy treaſures all enjoy!
To theſe reſign thee as their lawful ſpoil,
Who ſhall by turns poſſeſs thee, thee defile!
Then naked will I caſt thee to the wave,
To rot forgotten in thy oozy grave!----

Damn'd

Damn'd caitiff, hence; nor to approach me dare,
The queen retorted, furious with deſpair;
Far from thy graſp, baſe miſcreant, I fly,
And ſpotleſs, as I've liv'd, thus bravely die!---
She ſaid, and plunging with a ſudden bound
Into the deep, her death immediate found.------
Him, whoſe fell mind the mail of Satan wears,
Whoſe heart ne'er bled, whoſe eye ne'er ſhone in tears
At human woe; but chiefly him, whoſe breaſt
The ten-fold bars of bigotry inveſt,
Whoſe ſoul the breath of prieſts has turn'd to ſtone,
And which hell's pavement claimeth as its own;
In vain do we with ſtreaming eyes implore
To heal our wrongs, and bid us ſigh no more;
Triumphant he inſulteth our diſtreſs,
And martyrs dying groans afford him happineſs!---
As when a hare eſcapes the rav'nous jaws
Of ſome fell dog; with howling rage he gnaws
Th' opponent brake; ſo did the chieftain rave,
All curſe, but moſt the heav'n-directed wave,
Which, pitying, wafts her to that ſtormleſs ſhore,
Where gentle death bids ſorrow weep no more.----

With awe unuſual, midnight held his ſway!
All nature huſh'd as death repoſing lay!

When

When the ſad ghoſt of *Ethelgiva* ſped
Her ſolemn footſteps to her *Edwy*'s bed;
Near to whoſe ſide a taper rear'd its blaze,
To which adverted lay his mournful gaze!---
Pale were her cheeks, wet hung her jetty hair!
Her fireleſs eyes fix'd in a deathful glare!
As woe ſhe ſtood!---Why does my *Edwy* weep?
At this late hour refuſe the balm of ſleep?
Ceaſe, deareſt prince, my abſence to deplore,
For know, thy *Ethelgiva* is no more!---
By ruffian vi'lence torn from thy embrace;
When helpleſs thou beheld'ſt my branded face;
Then was I hurry'd to *Hibernia*'s ſtrand,
There left to periſh in a ſavage land!---
The ruthleſs villains, brib'd by *Odo*'s ſtore,
With brutal inſults dragg'd me to the ſhore!
Of want of food in vain did I complain;
No food, no dear companion could I gain!
No change of cloaths, no ſuccour for my wound!
Cold, hungry, fainting, on the dew-damp ground
Was I forſook!---but when did heav'n refuſe
To virtue's bleeding wrongs its healing dews?---
An holy hermit, kind *Elginus* nam'd,
For wiſdom much, but more for goodneſs fam'd,
Call'd by its voice, my guardian-angel roſe,
Life to reſtore;---(but, ah! to future woes!)

By his kind aid my beauty freſher bloom'd!
Ah! fatal charms, ſtill, ſtill to mis'ry doom'd!---
Alas! when e'er did fond impatient love
Beneath the rule of cautious prudence move!--
The ſheers of abſence clipp'd the wings of time;
Each ſingle day aſſum'd the bulk of nine!
My ſoul grown reſtleſs, panted to depart,
Once more to claſp the idol of my heart;---
Whence, tho' *Elginus*, with prophetic care,
Forewarn'd me daily of the prelate's ſnare,
Which cut me off; unable to refrain,
So brightly burn'd love's pure connubial flame,
I advertis'd thee of the bleſt event,
Imploring ſhips, attendants, might be ſent
To bear me ſafely to my native ſhore,
Thenceforth from thee and love to part no more.---
And lo, I come!---but oh! how chang'd the ſcene!--
Where are thoſe charms which late adorn'd thy queen?
That ruby lip, that roſy cheek, that eye?
That ſnowy breaſt, where thou entranc'd would'ſt lie
In nameleſs bliſs?---while equal bliſs I knew,
Loſt all my ſoul in the ſoft interview!---
Struck from its ſtem, through which ſpontaneous flows
Life's latent ſtream, as lies the fallen roſe,
And rots in duſt; ſo periſh do thoſe charms,
No more, alas! to bleſs my *Edwy*'s arms!---

But

But time is ſhort!---ſuffice it then to tell,
To *Odo*'s hand the fatal letter fell;
Who ſtill my death obdurately conſpir'd;
With gold a ſhip, the wretch *Cadwallon* hir'd;
Of a banditti long the bloody chief,
A recreant villain, vile inhuman thief!
Him he commiſſion'd, or by force or art,
To ſeize me, hide his poniard in my heart!
To rav'nous ſharks my breathleſs corſe propel,
And hurl my ſoul inceſtuous down to hell!
His mandate ſo; too ſoon the ſlave obey'd,
And I, incautious, was a captive made
On board his ſhip; where, dreadful to relate!
The monſter meant thy queen to violate!---
Where could I fly? what could avail the tear?
No gen'rous friend, no human aid was near!
To the dam'd chief in vain I made my pray'r;
He but inſulted;--furious with deſpair,
I ſudden ſtarted from the ruthleſs train,
And headlong plung'd into the gloomy main!
On *Thetis*' boſom yielded up my breath!
But love's impervious to the ſhaft of death!
Fixt in my ſoul thy dear idea hung,
Still brighter glow'd as from the deep I ſprung!
And ſoon again, oh! ſoon we ſhall unite
In love immortal, and in fond delight!---

Did

Did murd'rer e'er, however dignify'd,
The wrath of an offended God avoid?
Who ſoon or late his vengeful arm will ſtretch,
To endleſs torments hurl the bloody wretch!---
Short was the triumph of the helliſh ſlaves!
Scarce was I cold beneath the groaning waves,
When from their beds the winds awaking riſe,
Sweep o'er the ſea, and roll it to the ſkies!
On craggy rocks the ſhip accurſt they daſh,
To ſhivers ſtave her with a dreadful craſh!--
Then down they go with an infernal yell,
Not one eſcaping, to wide-gaping hell!---
Nor long did *Odo*, ſource of all my woe,
The flatt'ring calm of peace deceitful know;
Remorſe, deſpair, his guilty ſoul invade,
And hurl him quick to hell's eternal ſhade!---
But ha! 'tis day!---In vain!---I am but air!---
Thoſe offer'd arms, my dear, dear lord, forbear!---
Soon we ſhall meet!---Oh! do thoſe tears refrain!---
Where love and joy immottally will reign!---
She ſaid; and melting from his weary eye
Left earth, and ſoar'd into her native ſky.---

The grief-worn *Edwy* rais'd his drooping head,
Gaz'd wildly round; and ſtarting from his bed,

Search'd

Search'd all the room---then groaning deep return'd,
" And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he mourn'd:"---
Inhuman dogs! had Satyrs fierce been there,
Beheld her cheek wet with the falling tear;
Beheld her kneeling, heard her piteous pray'r,
" O kill me, but my ſpotleſs honour ſpare!"---
Diſtill'd to mercy they had mutual ſtrove
To have preſerv'd, unhurt, my queen, my love!---
How could you then ſo cruelly deſtroy,
Bereave my ſoul of all its earthly joy?---
Oh had you ſpar'd, my *Ethelgiva* ſpar'd,
Reſtor'd her ſafe; my throne you might have ſhar'd;
While I, with her, to ſome obſcure receſs
Had ſtole to peace, and humble happineſs!---
But ah! ſhe's gone!--within yon oozy bed
Thou, thou, my *Ethelgiva*, now ly'ſt dead.---
I was your king; yet when did I e'er aim
To wound your boſoms with the ſhaft of pain?
How could you then ungratefully combine
To make unparallell'd diſtraction mine?---
But thou, my *Edgar*, brother of my heart!
Like *Brutus'* ſword, thrice pointed was thy dart!
I feel it rankle in this aching breaſt!---
Haſte, haſte, O death, and huſh my woes to reſt!---

Oh! ſhe was gentle, affable as fair;
Tow'rds all ſhe ſhew'd a tender mother's care!
And yet you kill'd her!---here the mourner ceas'd---
Two days and nights his tide of grief increas'd;
No food he took, in groans he only ſpoke;
And the third dawn, his heart o'erwhelmed broke;
When e'en his foes a while forgot their hate,
And dropp'd a tear unto his timeleſs fate!----

Peace to your gentle ſhades, much injur'd pair!
Long as the ſun illumes this vital air!
Long as yon ſtars keep their ethereal way!
As raven night ſucceeds the eagle day!
With mutual ſighs ſhall happy lovers tell
How dear you lov'd, inhumanly you fell;
And as they ſtill each circumſtance relate,
With mutual tears bewail your hapleſs fate!-----

And hence, how bleſt may we ourſelves proclaim!
Since bigotry, with her infernal train,
Is drove for ever from our happy plains,
Where God-like GEORGE, with matchleſs CHARLOTTE reigns;
Where Reaſon ſmiles; her charming daughters ſport;
And pure Religion holds her ſacred court:

Where

Where fruitful *Ceres*, and rich Commerce, vie
Which moſt redundant yields the gifts of joy!
Where Liberty's bright ſtandard waves unfurl'd,
And marks our Iſle the *Eden* of the worl'd!----

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F I N I S.

Where fruitful Cares, and rich Commerce, vie,
Which most redundant yields the gifts of Joy!
Where Liberty's bright Standard waves unfurl'd,
And marks our Life the Eden of the world!...

F I N I S.